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Vol. 2.—No. 11.

SYRACUSE, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1849.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

## Original Articles.

### GOD.

BY REV. NELSON BROWN.  
Author of the Vision of Faith, etc.

#### No. II.

In every yearning, throbbing human soul  
Is felt thy Presence, and thy Majesty;  
There Thou hast written on the inner scroll  
The spirit's Birth—its Work, and Destiny;  
There, there art Thou, in all our yearnings near,  
Pointing each trembling soul, beyond its clay-girt  
sphere.

From Lapland regions of eternal snows  
To Eden climes of bright, perennial bloom;  
Where mystic Niger in lone grandeur flows  
Through desert wastes of wild and awful gloom,  
There all the tribes and tongues thy Presence feel,  
Though round their pagan altars, they may blindly  
kneel.

In Boodh and Vishnu,—in the worshiped sun,  
In every heathen god of clay or gold,  
Gleams forth some token of the mighty One,  
Thou, only God! Faintly e'en they unfold  
Immortal yearnings of the human heart;—  
Wilt Thou, kind Heaven, to them, thy fuller light  
impart!

Thine awful Voice and energizing Might  
Went forth upon the dark and mystic deep,—  
Startling old Chaos on his couch of night,  
Rousing him from his long and dreamless sleep  
To forms of beauty,—each a radiant world,—  
Each swift by Thee to its appointed orbit hurled.

Then suns and planets beamed from their thrones  
And smiled with gladness in their infant life;  
Then chimed sweet notes of praise from starry  
zones,  
And the vast universe with praise was rife;  
Then pealed there forth a mighty, chorus hymn  
From angel hosts, and shining cherubim.

Then from thine own mysterious Essence came  
Thy crowning Work,—above all others grand  
And glorious—Man! A shrine of clay—a flame  
• Within, of Thee a type. This work shall stand  
A mid the rolling cycles of all time—  
And vast eternity, o'er all, the most sublime.

O, then far louder, sweeter anthems rise  
From orbs and suns, and new-born worlds of  
light,  
From all Thy hosts, O God! amid the skies!  
From cherubim, and every seraph bright;  
All from their spheres sweet notes of praise em-  
ploy,  
A shout goes up to Thee, of holy rapturous joy!  
EDEN VALE, NOV. 16, 1849.

### LIGHT.

One evening, as I returned from a walk, I found  
upon my table a publication entitled the *Nineteenth  
Century*. Turning over the first leaves, my eyes  
rested upon a plate representing a mountain whose  
top, enveloped in clouds, pierced the sky; while a  
shower of light bursting between the parting, fell  
down the sides and swept along the base. Among  
the shadows of that mountain, stood one of the  
votaries of science, holding in one hand a dimly  
lighted book, while the other was extended as if  
in supplication. Under the whole were the words  
of Goethe, "LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"

The picture struck me as being peculiarly ex-  
pressive, and I sat for some time rapt in its con-  
templation, my head resting upon my hands, my  
elbows upon the table, and in this position fell  
asleep. A few moments, and I was in dream-  
land where all was dark;—sounds fell upon my  
ear but they were new and strange, and I knew  
not whence they came. Struggling to penetrate  
the darkness, I found myself at the base of a  
mountain, whose top towering high over my head,  
reached the very heavens. The thick, heavy  
masses of cloudlike vapor that hung around its  
summit, seemed breaking away, and through the  
openings, away in the far-off world above, was a  
field of golden radiance. Looking around, I was  
astonished to find the place peopled. A group was  
gathered near me, composed of thoughtful, intel-  
lectual-looking persons, who seemed intent upon  
some subject of inquiry. Before them were  
spread the products of land and sea. Vessels of  
liquids from the tops of which rose purple and  
violet colored clouds, of the most dazzling bril-  
liancy, shells bounded by curious, wending  
curves; pearls, diamonds, corals from the mystic  
caves of ocean, all were scattered there in the  
most fanciful confusion. One of the group was  
engaged in studying the uses for which these  
were designed; another, searching for the laws  
that governed their formation; while a third had  
formed a new substance from the elements around

him, the properties of which he had yet to learn.  
And even as they searched, their countenances  
became more anxious, they thirsted for deeper  
knowledge, and not content when even one shadow  
fell upon them, they would look upward and cry  
for light.

Not far from these was another group not less  
interesting than the one I have described. Each  
held a glass which was directed skyward, and with  
these imperfect aids they swept the heavens, in  
search of some new planet to add to the catalogue  
of wonders; some new glory yet unrevealed to  
mortal eye.

One I observed became wrapped in breathless  
silence, as with that feeble glass he strove to pene-  
trate the gloom. Suddenly his eye flashed—his  
countenance glowed—he was upon a comet's  
track, following its rapid course as it wheeled along  
its mysterious way; then circling for a while in  
the sun's eternal blaze, was away again on its un-  
known mission. He followed its receding light,  
till immensity of space shut it from view, and a  
spirit voice whispered—"no farther." He drop-  
ped the glass and in anguish of spirit, made keener  
by the presence of mysteries he could not solve,  
he sent up the imploring cry of "Light! more  
Light!"

The echo came back from the rocks, mingled  
with music which called my attention in another  
direction. The strains proceeded from a grove,  
composed of every variety of tree, bordered with  
shrubs, and flowers of ever varying hue. The  
richest fragrance floated on the still air, and light  
and shadow blended fantastically among the parti-  
colored leaves. This grove, too, was filled with  
truth searchers. One was examining the struc-  
ture of a plant; another had torn to shreds the  
web-work of a leaf in search of the life-sustaining  
power, while a third looked in vain for the minia-  
ture oak in the acorn's shell. One had toiled for  
weary months and years, if perchance he might  
find the mysterious agency by which the beating  
pulse throbs on from hour to hour; but as he  
studied and pondered and sought, he became in-  
volved in deeper mysticism, till, finding his own  
efforts powerless, he looked aloft and cried "Light!  
more Light!"

For a while I stood hesitating which group to  
join; for here, amid creation's wonders, was no  
place to be idle, and I felt impelled to act. Just  
then a sea-like sound murmured in my ear; and  
turning, I saw beneath me, away in a dim valley, a  
moving mass of people that awayed and rocked  
like the troubled ocean. They seemed to have no



no fixed purpose—no definite end. The gloom ignorance hung over them. A monarch stood in their midst and to him they looked for guidance; but the gaudy thing which encircled his brow, only reflected a few straggling rays which served to entangle them the more. Some, I saw, were content to breathe out a dreary existence in this wilderness of woe. They reclined heavily upon the earth, and half sleeping, half waking, seemed not to note the gathering clouds that threatened to shroud them in eternal night. Others, more active, were led about hither and thither, they knew not where. A thousand tangled paths were threaded, crossed and recrossed, till finally they stood upon the same ground they occupied before. My feelings grew painful at this sight, and I no longer hesitated what course to pursue. Descending, I resolved to rescue some unhappy being from the eternal gloom that threatened all. With much persuasion I found a few who would submit themselves to my guidance. I promised them the rich boon of *light*; I pointed to the true source; and though I could not promise to quench their burning thirst at the well of knowledge, yet it should be stayed. Thus, with cheering words I urged them on, and their course was rapid. But suddenly I became bewildered;—I was in a dark and tangled labyrinth; the mountain top with its beacon-lights, was no where to be discerned! What was to be done? a night three-fold darker than that of ancient Egypt, was gathering, I turned my straining eyes toward the goal, but could see nothing. A cold mist chilled my frame. In my anguish, I cried for help. The sound broke the silence and then came back an answer, low and mournful, as the melancholy wind: "*you try to lead others, while the mists of ignorance are before your own eyes.*" The voice awoke me, and I found I had dreamed.

Pavilion, Nov. 1849.

### Select Miscellany.

#### MAN'S LOVE.

When woman's eye grows dull,  
And her cheek paleth;  
When fades the beautiful,  
Then man's love faileth;  
He sits not beside her chair,  
Clasps not her fingers,  
Twines not the damp hair  
That o'er her brow lingers.

He comes but a moment in,  
Though her eye lightens,  
Though her cheek pale and thin,  
Feverishly brightens;  
He stays but a moment near,  
When that flush fadeth,  
Though true affection's tear  
Her soft eyelid shadeth.

He goes from her chamber straight  
Into life's jostle,  
He meets at the very gate  
Business and bustle.  
He thinks not of her within  
Silently sighing,  
He forgets in that noisy din  
That she is dying!

And when the young heart is still,  
What though he mourneth,  
Soon from his sorrow chill,  
Wearied he turneth.

Soon o'er the buried head  
Memory's light setteth,  
And the true-hearted dead  
Thus man forgetteth!

#### THE DEATH-BED.

BY THE LATE T. HOOD.

We watched her breathing through the night  
Her breathing soft and low,  
As in her breast the wave of life  
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,  
So slowly moved about,  
As we had lent her half our powers  
To eke her being out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,  
Our fears our hopes belied;  
We thought her dying when she slept,  
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,  
And chill with early showers,  
Her quiet eyelids closed:—she had  
Another morn than ours.

#### A BRIGHT DAY AT LAST.

[The incidents in the subjoined narrative were communicated to the editor several years ago, by a descendant of the principal characters described, and are known by many yet living to be true. Their names are given with but a slight variation from the original, and will be recognized by some in Boston, as those of two individuals whose presence, by the charm which it diffused, gave life to the social and refined circles of the city, a quarter of a century ago. It would be easy, with the aid of fiction, to weave into the narrative much startling incident; but a simple recital of what actually occurred, without drawing upon the imagination in the least for incident, is all that is designed. Truth is stranger than fiction.—*Ed. Lowell Courier.*]

Towards the close of the last century, James Allston, and his wife, Jeanette, after a weary passage of several months from their own native Scotland, came within sight of the hills and rocks of New England. Mr. Allston, having been unfortunate in business, had formed the resolution, now in his manhood, of beginning life anew, in a land distinguished for its hospitality, as well as for the virtuous principles which had taken root and flourished in the bosom of its sons. Neither he nor his wife had a single relative or friend in New England; but notwithstanding this, they were willing to leave the home of their infancy, and try their fortunes in a remote region.

There are few women, perhaps, who would have been willing to forsake home and kindred for the untried scenes of a strange land; but Mrs. Allston was a woman of no common character. Possessing a mind of great strength, and a heart which, clinging tenderly around the loved objects of home, clung with still stronger ties to her husband, she had torn herself away from her native soil, and committed herself to his guidance, to share with him his joys, or, if Heaven should call upon her so to do, to sympathize with him in all his sorrows. There were tears in her eyes as she bade the last farewell to the pleasant

places of her youth, "the bonny banks, and braes," and hill-sides of Scotland—as she received the last blessing of her aged father, and the last kiss of affection from the mother who watched over her tender years, and the sisters who had been her companions in joy and sorrow. But there stood the husband of her youth before her, and is it strange that smiles chased away her tears, as she sprang with a light step into the vessel, and indulged in bright dreams of the future?

The hills and villages, so dear to them both, soon disappeared as they sailed down the beautiful Clyde, and ere long not even the spires of the churches, or the dark battlements of the castles, were to be seen in the distance.

I will not recite the incidents of the voyage any further than to say that, after innumerable dangers by sea, such as would have destroyed the courage of an ordinary woman, but under which her heart was borne up by the consciousness that, if all the world forsook her, there was still one at her side who would be all the world to her, they arrived within sight of the spires and triple hills of the queen city of New England.

Mr. Allston, soon after his arrival, took up his residence in a beautiful village about fifty miles from the seaboard. He might at this time almost be said to be penniless. All his riches might be counted in an hour. But he was an industrious man, and possessed the well-known thrift and frugality of his countrymen. In a few years he had accumulated sufficient property to enable him to quit the line of business in which he had started, and to commence trade on an extensive scale. This he did successfully; and to give the result of a few years in a few lines, I shall only say that, in seven or eight years from the time he first set foot in New England, he was an opulent citizen. There was hardly a merchant in the city or large places, with whom he had not become acquainted in the common course of trade, and with whom he did not rank high as an honorable and high-minded gentleman. In all his good purposes, it is hardly necessary to say, he was seconded by that noble woman who had clung to him through all the vicissitudes of his chequered life. By her gentle demeanor and winning attentions she found a friend in every one. Their house was the resort of all who sought the company of intelligent persons; and many were the praises of young and old, far and near, who had made the acquaintance of the young Scotchman and his amiable and beautiful wife, Jeanette.

But the comforts and delights of their second home, so far from the fireside of the first, were not shared by themselves or their numerous friends only. They had been blessed with two little ones—bright and blooming girls, who had just reached that age when childhood, by its buoyance and frolicsomeness, its tenderness and prattlings, so endears itself to a parent. And never was a mother's heart more indissolubly bound up in the welfare of her children, than was that of Jeanette in the prosperity of little Emily and Jane. With such friends around them to render their days happy, and above all, with such children to make their daily and evening hours doubly blessed, one would suppose that their affections would cling forever around



their happy and cheerful fireside. But the heart cannot forget the scenes that have shed in other days their cheering influence around it. The old family mansion, where our infancy has been rocked, and where we first lisped the names of father and mother, and above all, the endeared forms of parents, sisters, brothers and friends, will maintain their hold upon the affections, in spite of time and distance. Every recollection of the endeared past, is like rubbing off the rust that may have gathered around the chain which binds it to the heart, and giving it a new brightness.

So was it with James and Jeanette Allston. The merry hours they had passed by the sweet streams of "bonnie Scotland," or in which they had reclined beneath the shadow of her hills, were made to pass before them. Their youthful sports together were talked over almost every hour, and the forms of parents and kindred were brought to mind day after day and night after night. Tears stood in their eyes at the remembrance of their early home, as the silent prayer went up, that He who had taken care of the young in a strange land, would bless the declining years of those whom they had left beyond the ocean.

Mr. Allston finally came to the determination of leaving New England for a season, and visiting Scotland. But Jeanette—should she go with him? Her heart yearned to accompany him; but the little ones—who would take care of them till their return? They were questions which she answered in every possible way, without coming to any definite conclusion. But there were the preparations for the voyage going on around her—could she stay behind? Her husband was soon to bid her farewell—could she suffer him to go alone?

"I must—I must go!" exclaimed Jeanette, at last. "Our little ones will be taken care of; James, you shall not go without me.—Where thou goest I will go; where thou lodgest I will lodge. Thy home shall be my home, and there will I be buried."

Arrangements were accordingly made for her departure; and fearing that their children would be unable to endure the fatigues of a long voyage, they came to the conclusion, painful as it was, to leave them behind till their return, entrusted to the care of a friend. The thought of this was inexpressibly bitter, especially to Mrs. Allston. She had never been absent from them a single day, and now she was about to leave them for months, years; perhaps forever. The day on which the vessel was to leave was approaching, and closer and closer did the affections of this admirable woman seem to twine themselves around her children. The hour at length arrived. The idea of leaving his daughters pressed so heavily upon his spirit, that Mr. Allston determined, if possible, not to take a formal leave of them. Bitter as it was, he contrived to leave the house without bidding them farewell. This demanded a degree of self-denial which few men possess. But long was it before Jeanette could tear herself away. She imprinted kisses upon their cheeks, and smiled upon them through her tears. She bade them farewell as they stood at the door, smiling like cherubs and calling after their mother, with a heart that seemed

ready to break with its heaviness and the poignancy of its grief. It was indeed a heart-rending moment for Jeanette; one of those moments which can only be known to an affectionate mother. But she tore herself away and joined her husband. They soon reached the wharf, and embarked on board the vessel which was to bear them from one home to another.

At almost the moment she was about to put off, Jeanette sprang to the wharf again.

"Husband," she said, "I cannot go. God bless and preserve you! I cannot, cannot leave our little ones; I will return and stay with them till you come back. Farewell; may God bless you, and restore you in health to your wife and children!"

She wept as one in despair—as a woman at such a time only weeps. Bound by indissoluble ties of affection and love to the husband who was leaving her, and by still stronger ones, if possible, to the little ones of whom she had taken a farewell leave, there was for a moment a struggle in her bosom, of which none but a mother, or those who have been placed in a similar situation, can form any adequate idea. Her husband did not object to her course; for he knew that little Emily and Jane would now be tenderly and affectionately guarded till he should return. He bade her farewell, and Jeanette, without waiting even till the vessel left the wharf, hurried back to her daughters.

But this affectionate wife, once more in the company of her children was far from being happy. It was now that a full idea of the dangers to which her husband was exposed, rushed upon her mind. She was then finally separated from him. He did not come in as usual with smiles for his wife and children. He sat not at the table; and his voice was no longer heard, as it was wont to be.—And he who used to play with the ringlets of his little ones, and pat their cheeks, as they came running to him whenever he entered the house, at morning, noon and night, where was he now? Why, O why did she not accompany him? Months flew by, but they brought no intelligence of him. A year elapsed, and still nothing was heard of him. Jeanette became alarmed, and could not repress her fear and anxiety. She strove to comfort herself with the thought that she should the next day, or the next, or the next, hear from him. But no tidings came; each day dragged itself along slowly and wearily, bringing that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick.

More than a year had now gone by, without bringing any intelligence whatever from her husband, when one evening a newspaper was handed to Mrs. Allston, containing an account of the wreck of the very ship in which he had embarked. It was stated that all on board had perished at sea. This was a severe blow. Here was the dark hour of her life, and I shall leave it to the imagination of the reader to portray her sufferings, without attempting to convey an idea of her unhappiness at this time. There were her children smiling around her, whose beauty was just expanding like the summer rose, and who were entirely unconscious of the cause of their mother's tears. How can I describe her wretchedness as she attempted to answer their natural question, repeated day

after day—"Mother, where is father—when will he come home?"

The next Sabbath after the intelligence of the wreck was received, the clergyman of the village preached a funeral discourse in commemoration of the virtues of Mr. Allston.—He was eloquent, and there were few who heard him on that day, that did not listen to him with wet eyes, as he portrayed the character of the deceased and held up his virtues for the imitation of his auditors. But there was one who listened to the eloquent preacher, whose heart swelled at every word; and who, tho' surrounded by friends who sympathized with her, would not be comforted.—Alas! the cup of her misfortunes was not yet full. She was doomed to meet with a dreadful and sudden reverse, which would have prostrated the energies of ordinary women—to lose fortune, friends and all. Shortly after the intelligence of Mr. Allston's death was received and while yet every heart seemed responding to the commemoration of his virtues by the preacher, several unprincipled individuals, well aware that his widow was in possession of a fortune, conspired to wrest her property from her. They forged notes to a great amount against her deceased husband, and as they appeared correct in every particular, and were presented by those who wore the semblance of honor, she fell a victim to the foul conspiracy against her. Mrs. Allston could find no allusion to them among her husband's papers, but she could not question their validity, and although they swallowed up a greater part of her property, she paid them all. Debt after debt was brought against the estate, of the existence of which she had never dreamed; and these speculators had the villainy to charge it upon her, that her husband had left the country in order to evade the payment of his dues. She paid every farthing of them, and was left with hardly enough to afford a bare subsistence to herself and her children. But, hard as this was, it was nothing to the neglect which she received from those who once called themselves her friends. Those who had courted her friendship in her days of prosperity, seemed now to regard her poverty a crime.—Every one seemed to shun her because she was poor, and an opinion prevailed—whence originating could not be known—that Mr. Allston had left the country in order to avoid a settlement with his creditors, and that she knew such to be the case. She spurned such insinuations; but the idea even that suspicions of that kind should be entertained, wrung her heart till she wept in very bitterness.—She was indeed miserable, and a blight seemed to be fast settling upon her heart as it had done upon her fortunes. "I thank God," was her exclamation, "that my children are too young to be conscious of the utter wretchedness of their mother."

Three years had now passed away—bitter, inexpressibly bitter were they to Jeanette.—She had retired to rest one evening with her daughters—her only source of consolation in this trying hour of her life. They were alone in the house. She pressed her pillow, but it was with an aching heart. She thought over the misfortunes she had been called upon, in the providence of God, to endure, and as she remembered the unfailing affection of her husband, as she dwelt upon his parting



words, his death, and the cruel reverses she had met with, she wept like one in absolute despair—like one who feels for the first time that she has not a friend in the wide world.—She murmured not against the afflictions with which providence had been pleased to visit her, but bowed in submission to His will.—She for a moment wished that she had accompanied her husband, to share with him his lot; but then again the thought came upon her of leaving her children behind, to be treated perhaps as she had been.

"I thank God," was her exclamation, "that I am with them. They are poor, it is true, but the blight which has come over the hopes of the mother, has not touched the hearts of her children."

It was near midnight, and as she lay listening to the breathing of her children, unable to close her eyes in sleep, she fancied that she heard some one beneath the window. She listened; who could it be? Was it some midnight ruffian, who was thus prowling near the house to rob her of her little remaining property? The noise became still more audible. Her sleeping apartment being on the lower story, and thus much exposed, she became alarmed. Presently the window opened.

"Jeanette! Jeanette!" said a voice.

She arose and wrapped a cloak around her.

"Jeanette! Jeanette!"

She advanced into the middle of the room, near the window, illuminated by the moon.

"My God! James, James! is it you from the grave?" she exclaimed, as in truth her husband sprang into the window. She swooned and fell to the floor. The meeting of these two, after a separation of so many years, when she recovered, must be left to the imagination of the reader. It was a meeting of hearts that had never known change from distance or time. The arrival of her husband was to Jeanette like the rising of one from the dead.

But little remains to be told. The incidents of Mr. Allston's life while absent from New England, need not be related in this simple sketch. Suffice it to say, that the vessel in which he embarked was shipwrecked; but the statement in the newspapers that all on board perished, was untrue. A few escaped, and among them was Mr. Allston.—But not one of his letters to Jeanette, in New England, had ever reached their destination. Soon after his return, a prosecution was commenced against those who had brought false claims against his estate. Most of the property was recovered, and the villains, who, in the belief that he would never appear again, despoiled him of his estate, were thrown into prison, except a few who escaped, and who, it is worth mentioning, were convicted of murder and executed in New York, not long after. Those who had once been friends of Mr. and Mrs. Allston, began again to visit her, but their advances were very promptly rejected. He ever had a fast friend in the clergyman, and soon after his return, had the questionable satisfaction of reading the discourse pronounced on the occasion of his supposed death. They removed to Boston, soon after, to superintend the education of their daughters, where they lived long and happily together. Thus the dark clouds that so long obscured the life and fortunes of Jeanette broke away, and there was a bright day at last.

## MEN AND THINGS IN ENGLAND.

BY D. W. BARTLETT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Lord Brougham and the Duke of Wellington are the curiosities of the House of Lords. The Duke—or Iron Duke—is now very old and shows it badly. The night I was in the House, sometime during the evening I noticed a slight commotion among the members, as if some distinguished member had arrived, and I was right in my surmises, for Arthur Wellesley came slowly in, being greeted with the nods of the first in the Assembly, and sat down a very little distance from Harry Brougham. The respect shown for him there is profound—they would sooner bow before his old sword than anything really beautiful, noble, or great! He came in painfully slow, with his body bent like one too old to go alone; his hair grey, and his face looking exactly like the portraits by the renowned Mr. Punch. It was the sternest face I ever saw—it seemed as if it were impossible ever to portray a feeling, an emotion with it, and indeed I think the Duke scarcely ever has any emotions of the tender kind he would like to express. There were the cold eyes, the not remarkable full forehead, the aqualine nose, and the fixed, determined lips of the man who conquered Napoleon. It was some gratification to look upon him who at least fought the great French warrior—to look upon him even in his dotage. After he had been seated awhile, he threw off a cloak that was wrapt about him, and got up to speak to the question then before the House. In his speech, there were no ideas of any brilliancy or large-thoughtedness. They were mere common-places. At every period he would turn his almost palsied form around to Lord Brougham, looking at him inquiringly as if asking, "Am I speaking soundly?" Brougham would give an assenting nod, and on he would go, continually repeating the process. This is his fixed habit, and has been for years. Lord Brougham is the man in whom he puts his trust, in whose principles he has the strictest faith, and he dares hardly speak without first consulting him. They are alike bigoted, intolerant and despotical. What claims the Duke has ever had to be regarded as a statesman I cannot conceive. His administrations have never been wise, nor popular. His speeches have never been replete with statesmanship of the masterly order, and taken as an intellectual man there is nothing so very extraordinary about him. As a soldier he has now the highest honors, but some doubt they are rightfully his.

The popularity of the Duke was once unbounded. He rose from the ranks of the people, and the people adored him as the nation's deliverer. They promoted him, he became great, rich and powerful, and assumed the honors of the first class of nobles. All this he really obtained through the people, and yet as soon as he had fairly got them, he turned his back upon the English nation. He went so far in the times of the Reform Bill, that he offered to march his army down upon the people in the country, to shoot down their ideas of liberty! He would have done so, had he not, upon sounding his officers, made the frightful discovery that not one half of them would execute his orders in a civil war against

freedom. Then there burst forth such terrible howls of execration against the base warrior and all his tribe, that, for a while, Arthur, the Field Marshal, with all his courage, trembled in his shoes. One day the people crowded round his splendid residence—the Apsley House—and with pavement stones broke in its windows. He had iron shutters put on, and they are there to this day. He was then at the head of the nation as the Prime Minister, and loathed the idea of bowing before the "rabble," but the nation's voice insisted upon his abdication of the office, and one night, at midnight, he resigned. Never since then have the people praised him, but gradually their old admiration has been changing to a settled hate or a contemptuous disgust. Now his name is never mentioned without groans from the people and hisses. In the public streets no crowd gathers about him to do homage, as in former days, but he goes unheeded by, or if some wild rabble gathers at his heels, they are very prone to say things unpleasant to his ears.—He has been a terrible expense to the British nation. The sums of money that he has consumed in salaries, in appropriations and in monuments, are enormous. But John Bull will stand taxation better than any other nation in the world. There is a docility about him which shocks any one with proper ideas of pride and justice. Now, at this moment, the British nation is giving large sums of money to a man whom it hates, who is its rankiest enemy, and yet the nation is on the verge of bankruptcy.

Lord Campbell is considered by some as the rival of Lord Brougham in the House of Lords. He is not, however; for while he is in the meridian of life, as far as ability and aptness go, the other is a mere dotard—a wreck. There cannot, properly speaking, be said to be a rivalry under such conditions.—Both are Scotchmen, and both have carved out their own fortunes with their own hands. Lord Campbell is probably one of the—if not the—ablest jurists in the kingdom. As a statesman, I cannot judge him, but competent critics say that he cannot lay claim to great powers of statesmanship. He is a fine looking man, with many Scotch characteristics in countenance and actions.

The Marquis of Lansdowne is a prominent member of the British Government and an influential Peer. He has for years been distinguished for his high position as a nobleman and for his intellectual acquirements. He was once one of the finest appearing men in Britain, but now he is grey-headed, oldish-looking, and limps badly with the gout. He is yet a sound speaker and adviser of the Government, and though devoid of any brilliant rhetorical powers, his speeches are full of wisdom and learning. His sympathies, from his position, are of course not so much with the people as they should be, yet there is a wide difference between him and Brougham or Wellington. He is quite liberal in his general principles—and if it were not for his narrow education, would be a reformer perhaps.

The Bishop of Norwich was present among the Bishops the evening I was there, (he is since deceased,) and as his liberality of feeling for a Bishop is remarkable, I watched him with some interest. He is a small man, with bright eyes and a pleasant, amiable countenance. He has very little bigotry. He is the



exact opposite in almost every quality of Henry of Exeter, who sits not far from him. The latter is bigoted, stern, oppressive and exacting. One is good, benevolent and pleasing; the other, bad, selfish and offensive. Elihu Burritt, a few months before the death of the Bishop of Norwich, was presented to him, and the amiable dignitary seemed pleased to sit down and talk with the popular agitator.

Earl Grey is one of the finest looking men in the House. His appearance is sometimes classical, and indeed splendid. His speeches are models of classic beauty and sound sense combined. His influence over the House is great, and it ought to be so. There is no other man there whose *personal* impressions are so good. When speaking his figure appears to great advantage. There are many steel engravings of him abroad, and they are in general correct likenesses of the man. In this respect he is more fortunate than many of his associates, whose popular portraits do them manifest injustice. There are, however, three distinguished men in Britain whose portraits cannot fail to be good, their faces are so striking, their features so ludicrously vivid.—They are Brougham, Wellington and Russell. The first has such an awful Roman nose, the second such a smutched, compressed face, and the third such a grannish countenance that it is impossible to make a likeness which does not embody the distinguishing features.—Punch has given them to the world repeatedly and under every variety of circumstances.

Lord Stanley is a bitter tory in the House of Peers, and is indeed quite an able man—his appearance is good, though not very remarkable. His speeches are characterised by bitterness and prejudiced reasoning, but he is many times eloquent and sound in his arguments. He believes in the bluest monarchism and hates reformers and reforms as he does the spirit of darkness.

The House sits in two capacities—a judicial and a legislative. When judicial it sits as the highest court of justice in the kingdom. On ordinary occasions, the only persons robed are the Lord Chancellor, who sits upon the woolsack, the Bishops, the Judges and the Masters of Chancery. But when Parliament is opened or closed by the Queen *in person*, then the interior of the House of Lords presents a grand and brilliant spectacle. All the Peers are in their robes, and ladies of the highest rank are present; Peeresses in their own right, and the wives and daughters of Peers. Parliament is generally opened by *commission*, which is read by a clerk. This is a tame ceremony, but when the Queen is present, all London feels the excitement of the occasion. People crowd all the avenues leading to the House, and as the Sovereign approaches she is saluted with cheers and hurrahs, the waving of handkerchiefs, and the ringing of bells, and the roaring of cannon. When she arrives at the House she is first conducted to the Robing Room. When duly attired, Prince Albert accompanies her to the throne, and when she is seated; himself takes a chair of state immediately on her left. As soon as she is seated, the Queen desires the Peers to be seated also, and the "Usher of the Black Rod" summons the Commons. The Speaker soon appears at the bar of the House with a multitude of members following, the Lord Chancellor presents the speech to the Queen, who immedi-

ately proceeds to read it. A great deal of foolish pomp and ceremonial are thrown about the occasion, yet no one can deny that it is an occasion of grandeur and brilliant pageantry.

The members of the House of Lords are divided into two classes—the Lords Spiritual and Temporal. The Lords Spiritual are two Archbishops and twenty-four Bishops from England, and one Archbishop and three Bishops from Ireland, or the Irish Church. There was a time when the Spiritual Lords outnumbered the Temporal, but now the latter are vastly in the preponderance. The Temporal Lords consist of twenty-eight Irish Peers elected for life, sixteen Scottish Peers elected for each term, and there is no limit to the number of English Peers, who sit by right of descent, and whose only qualifications are, that they be of age, be of the right birth, and not totally imbecile. The Peers are divided up into various degrees of rank, but the vote of one is as good as that of another. There are Dukes, Earls, Marquises, Viscounts and Barons. A Duke is much higher in rank than a Baron, but his vote counts no more.

The House of Lords, in its judicial capacity, tries all individuals who are impeached by the House of Commons, Peers who are on indictment, and determines appeals from the decisions of the Court of Chancery. When it sits judicially, it is open to the public. Upon such occasions there are generally only a very few Peers in attendance—generally the law-lords.

It is well that the noodles have the good sense to remain absent upon such occasions.

#### Manifest Destiny.

St. Liebeg says, "Women are born to be married." Undoubtedly. Men are born to die, too—but when you come to talk of their preparation for the event, they are as little fitted for it as the girls for the "future state" of matrimony. Yet women are born to be married, most of them—and to be terribly disappointed in their connubial relations.

A village pastor was examining his parishioners in their catechism. The first question in the Heidelberg Catechism is this, "What is thy only consolation in life and death?" A young girl to whom the pastor put this question, laughed and would not answer. The priest insisted. "Well, then," said she, at length, "if I must tell you, it is the young shoemaker that lives in the Rue Agneaux."

Brougham, speaking of the salary attached to the rumored appointment to the new Judgeship, said it was all moonshine. Lyndhurst, in his dry and waggish way, remarked, "May be so, my Lord Harry; but I have a confounded strong notion that, moonshine though it be, you would like to see the first quarter of it."

During Fanny Elssler's visit to the United States, Waldo Emerson accompanied Miss Fuller, the celebrated authoress, to the Opera; delighted at one of the dancer's most triumphant pirouettes, Miss Fuller turned to Emerson and said, "Waldo—that's poetry." The other replied, "Margaret, it is religion."

A Fossil Ape is said to have been found lately, in the upper tertiary stratum at Montpelier, Vt.

#### Kossuth's Address to his Country.

The following is the farewell address of Kossuth to his country, written at Orsova:

Farewell, my beloved country! Farewell, land of the Magyar! Farewell, thou land of sorrow! I shall never more behold the summit of thy mountains. I shall never again give the name of my country to that cherished soil where I drank from my mother's bosom the milk of justice and liberty. Pardon, O, pardon him who is henceforth condemned to wander far from thee, because he combated for thy happiness!

Pardon one who can only call free that spot of thy soil where he now kneels with a few of the faithful children of conquered Hungary! My last looks are fixed on my country, and I see thee overwhelmed with anguish. I look into the future, but that future is overshadowed. Thy plains are covered with blood, the redness of which pitiless destruction will change to black, the emblem of mourning for the victories thy sons have gained over the sacrilegious enemies of thy sacred soil.

How many grateful hearts have sent their prayers to the throne of the Almighty! How many tears have gushed from their very depth to implore pity! How much blood has been shed to testify that the Magyar idolizes his country, and that he knows how to die for it. And yet, land of my love, thou art in slavery! From thy very bosom will be forged the chain to bind all that is sacred, and to aid all that is sacrilegious. O Almighty Creator, if thou lovest thy people to whom thou didst give victory under our heroic ancestor, Arpad,\* I implore thee not to sink them into degradation.

I speak to thee, my country, thus from the abyss of my despair, and while yet lingering on the threshold of thy soil. Pardon me that a great number of thy sons have shed their blood for thee on my account. I pleaded for thee, I hoped for thee, even in the dark moment when on thy brow was written the withering word "Despair." I lifted my voice in thy behalf when men said, "Be thou a slave." I girt the sword about my loins, and I grasped the bloody plume, even when they said, "Thou art no longer a nation on the soil of the Magyar."

Time has written thy destiny on the pages of thy story in yellow and black letters—Death. The Colossus of the North has set his seal to the sentence. But the glowing iron of the East shall melt that seal.

For thee, my country, that has shed so much, there is no pity: for does not the tyrant eat his bread on the hills formed of the bones of thy children.

The ingrate whom thou hadst fattened with thy abundance, he rose against thee; he rose against thee, the traitor to his mother, and destroyed thee utterly. Thou hast endured all; thou hast not cursed thine existence, for in thy bosom, and far above all sorrow, hope has built her nest.

Magyars! turn not aside your looks from

\*The Arpad alluded to by Kossuth is the celebrated chief oikhan of the Hungarians who, when driven with his tribes from the banks of the Volga, toward the end of the ninth century, settled on the Theiss, and, as the ally of the Emperor Arnoul, beat the Moravians in the year 895. Under the weak rule of the son of Arnoul, Lewis, surnamed the Child, he became master of Pannonia, which the Hungarians have since then kept possession of. Arpad gave his name to a Hungarian dynasty, which began with St. Stephens in 1007, and which kept the throne till the death of Andrew III. in 1301. This race of kings is known as the Arpades.



me, for at this moment mine eyes flow with tears for you, for the soil on which my tottering steps still wander is named Hungary.

My country, it is not the iron of the stranger that hath dug thy grave; it is not the thunder of fourteen nations, all arrayed against thee, that hath destroyed thee; and it is not the fifteenth nation, traversing the Carpathians, that has forced thee to drop thy arms. No! Thou hast been betrayed; thou hast been sold, my country; thy death-sentence hath been written, beloved of my heart, by him whose virtue, whose love for thee I never dared to doubt. Yes! in the favor of my boldest thoughts, I should have almost as soon doubted of the existence of the Omnipotent as have believed that he could ever be a traitor to his country.

Thou hast been betrayed by him in whose hands I had but a little space before deposited the power of our great country, which he swore to defend, even to the last drop of his heart's blood. He hath done treason to his mother, for the glitter of gold hath been for him more seductive than that of the blood shed to save his country. Base gain had more value in his eyes than his country, and his God has abandoned him, as he had abandoned his God for his allies of hell.

Magyars! Beloved companions, blame me not for having cast mine eyes on this man, and for having given to him my place. It was necessary, for the people had bestowed on him their confidence; the army loved him, and he obtained a power of which I myself would have been proud. And, nevertheless, this man belied the confidence of the nation, and has repaid the love of the army with hatred. Curse him, people, of the Magyars! Curse the breast which did not first dry up before it gave him its milk. Idolize thee, O thou most faithful of the nations of Europe, as I idolize the liberty for which thou hast proudly and bravely combated. The God of liberty will never efface thee from his memory. Mayest thou be forever blest!

My principles have not been those of Washington; nor yet my acts those of Tell. I desired a free nation—free as man cannot be made but by God. And thou art fallen; faded as the lily, but which in another season puts forth its flowers still more lovely than before. Thou art dead—for hath not thy winter come on? But it will not endure so long as that of thy companion under the frozen sky of Siberia. No! Fifteen nations have dug thy tomb. But the hosts of the sixteenth will come to save thee. Be faithful, as thou hast been even to the present. Conform to the holy counsels of the Bible.—Lift up thy heart in prayer for the departed; but do not raise thine own hymn until thou hearest the thunders of the liberating people echo along thy mountains, and below in the depth of thy valleys.

Farewell, beloved companions! Farewell, comrades! countrymen! May the thought of God, and may the angels of liberty forever be with you! Do not curse me. You may well be proud; for have not the lions of Europe risen from their lairs to destroy the "rebels?" I will proclaim you to the civilized world as heroes; and the cause of a heroic people will be cherished by the freest nation of the earth—the freest of all free people!

Farewell, thou land dyed with the blood of

the brave! Guard those red marks—they will one day bear testimony in thy behalf.

And thou, farewell, O youthful Monarch of the Hungarians! Forget not that my nation is destined for thee. Heaven inspires me with the confidence that the day will dawn when it shall be proved to thee even on the ruined walls of Buda.

May the Almighty bless thee, my beloved country.

Believe: Hope and Love!

### Balloon Frozen—Extraordinary Aerial Voyage.

Mr. Gypson, the celebrated aeronaut, being engaged by some gentleman of Bedford to make an ascent with his magnificent silk balloon, the "Royal Albert," made his hundredth ascent at a quarter before five on the evening of Friday last.

Some brief outline of the dimensions of this gigantic machine may be interesting to our readers. Near eighteen hundred yards of the richest silk were consumed in its construction; the silk being woven into narrow breadths, are joined by a seam in the centre to give additional strength to the whole. It stands 70 feet high, is forty feet in diameter, and one hundred and thirty-eight feet in circumference, and it is computed that above five hundred thousand stitches have been made in sewing the seams and inserting the bands that sustain the outlet valve at the crown of the balloon and the safety valve at the neck; over the whole surface is the usual net-work, recently increased from eighty-five pounds in weight to ninety-eight pounds; its ascending power, when inflated with the purest description of coal gas, is equal to fifteen hundred weight—if inflated with pure hydrogen it would be above thirty hundred weight—the lifting power of hydrogen being above double that of coal gas. Altogether the "Royal Albert" is the largest aerial vehicle ever constructed for the reception of gas in this country, with the exception of the balloon built by order of the proprietors of Vauxhall gardens, in the year 1836, now called the Nassau Balloon, the descent of which on the house-tops in the London road, must be still fresh in the recollection of our readers.

Mr. Gypson was accompanied in his voyage by Mr. Henry Smith, the indefatigable engineer of the Bedford Gas Works, by whose exertions the machine was supplied with an ascending power far superior to that generally obtained in provincial towns. Two residents of Bedford were candidates for aeronautic honors, but the terms they offered, Mr. Gypson declined, and a large cargo of ballast was deposited in the car. The balloon rose in fine perpendicular style, and acted upon by a high wind, speedily outstripped the railway train in its progress to London. The aeronauts, shortly after quitting the earth entered the clouds, and became invisible to their friends on terra firma, piercing the dark massy clouds that hung suspended like Mahomet's coffin between earth and heaven. The voyagers were saluted with a sharp shower of sleet, or fine snow, that drifted over them in all directions, and froze as fast as it fell, till they became encased in a spangled shroud of silvery ice. The balloon winged its way with the rapidity of lightning through the mas-

sive bodies of snow-charged vapor with which it was surrounded, still ascending. \* \* \*

The gas that had been in a condensed state the whole of the day was now two miles and a half above the clouds, assailed by a rapid and powerful expansion, so that it became necessary to open the valve and relieve the balloon of the extreme pressure that was thus inflicted upon the whole surface of the silk. But here arose an extraordinary incident—the hose of the safety valve, which had been tied up before leaving the earth, to prevent the admission of atmospheric air, was found quite hard, so that it became impossible to extend it to allow the superfluous gas to blow off. Under those circumstances Mr. Gypson endeavored to open the valve at the crown of the balloon, but that, too, from the peculiar description of luting with which the valve was luted, was found to be inseparably frozen. As such Mr. Gypson had but one alternative—he quickly passed himself thro' the hoop, and with his knife made a large incision in the lower part of the balloon; the gas steamed forth in one continuous stream through a two foot opening, and singular to relate, the gas that had been passed into the silken globe an invisible vapor, rushed out as white as the steam from a steam engine, such was the effect of the frosty air upon the gas. And thus the aeronauts were rescued from the jaws of destruction; for had not such an expedient as the knife been adopted, nothing could have been prevented the silk giving way to the extreme force acting upon it, at three and a half miles above the earth, for such was then their altitude, as shown by the sinking of the mercury in the barometer. The mercury at starting was 28 2-10, and at the highest altitude 14 1-10. The escape of gas in the aperture made by Mr. Gypson with his knife was the dismissal of danger, and the adventurous voyagers regaling themselves with a little real old cogniac, congratulated themselves on their providential escape; true they had an abundance of ballast in the car, but in a winter's night, it would have availed them but little had the silk been beyond the reach of an incision. They had now a tendency downwards, and began to shake off the glittering ice or frozen snow that had rendered their garments a coat of mail.—The mercury now rose to 19 3-10, which showed a mile lower than their highest elevation, still descending, but very little warmer. They again tried the valve, but could not open it, and in their efforts to accomplish the object repeatedly brought down the crown of the balloon, the valve obstinately refusing to give way. The rays of the sun were now lost; Sol had taken his final departure for the night, and rapid condensation of the gas was the consequence. Ballast was brought in requisition and the downward tendency checked, as it became highly necessary to have full command over the valve before the final descent was attempted. \* \* \*

The travelers were now within a mile of the earth, the temperature of the air much warmer, so that the silk resumed its accustomed softness, the valve opened with a very slight effort, the grappling iron and cable were extended, and the shades of night displayed a solemn stillness reigning around; the wind carried the balloon across the country with great velocity, the grappling iron took hold of



a quickset hedge, tore it up by the roots and rapidly approaching the buildings of a farm house; bags, ballasts, and all were thrown out to avoid it, and the balloon cleared all obstruction by ascending again. A second descent was made and accomplished with safety, though not without some violent oscillation, near Ottmore, in Oxfordshire, 50 miles from Bedford, and the time occupied in the journey was 44 minutes. Not a soul was to be seen, and the travelers had nearly emptied their aerial vehicle, when a ploughman "homewards plodding his weary way," approaching the monster of the air took a sly peep, and likewise took to his heels; entreaty and persuasion were useless, nothing would induce him to return. Mr. Gypson and his friend, after much delay, succeeded in getting a conveyance to take them to a railway station, and reach Bedford at 11 o'clock the next morning.—*Correspondence of a London Paper, Oct. 18.*

### The Jews and Presbyterians.

A Jewish Rabbi of this city has replied to the address which the Presbyterian Synod of New York recently issued to the Jews in the United States. It will be remembered that the Synod in their address, invited the Jewish people to unite with them in circulating copies of the Bible throughout the world, and also in other acts of charity and fraternization that would be calculated to remove the prejudices which have so long divided the two races.

The Rabbi replies with a grateful acknowledgement of the kind and philanthropic sentiments contained in the address of the Synod, and rejoices at the evidence which it presents that the prejudice wherewith for centuries the human intellect has been darkened, is giving way to the luminous light of reason and charity. He avows his admiration of the noble motive of the Synod in wishing to unite the Spiritual relations and interests of the two races, and he rejoices that the barbarities of bygone ages, the useless and cruel persecutions during the crusades, the pillages, banishments, and massacres, to a pretended glory of God, are at last viewed in the genuine light by Christians, and meet with their just condemnation and abhorrence.

The Rabbi confesses that the Jews of the present day regard Jesus Christ in a different light from that by which their ancestors viewed him, whose opinions were necessarily influenced by the horrible treatment they received at the hands of his worshipers. The Rabbi, however, contemplates with pride the circumstance that Jesus, who for nearly 2000 years has been the object of the divine adoration of a great portion of the human race, was a scion of the house of Judah.

He admits the beneficial influence of Christianity upon civilization, but he asserts that it has in fact only developed the truth which constitutes Judaism, and that, as yet, only part of that truth has been imparted to mankind. He says further that in his opinion an inscrutable, mysterious Providence has wisely decreed that the deliverance of mankind from deep-rooted Polytheism (meaning a belief in a plurality of Gods) should not suddenly be accomplished, but that the illusion and error should gradually vanish before the splendor and truth of a sublime divinity; and he dis-

cerns in the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity and Redeemer, the intervening incident—the connecting link—by which, hereafter, to a more perfect human race, the sublime truth will be revealed.

By the abandonment (he says) of the adoration of the Virgin Mary, and the refutation of the belief in her immaculate virginity, by Protestantism, a very important point has been gained.

The Rabbi then points out the several forms of worship in which the Jewish agrees with the Protestant Church, from which comparison he deduces the fact that upon some subjects their views agree, while upon others they widely differ. "To us (says the Rabbi) it remains inconceivable how any one can earnestly believe that by the death of one man, the sins of his whole race are remitted, particularly when we see that a lapse of near 2000 years has worked no beneficial change in sinful man, and the laws of God are violated now as then; or how the advent of God's dominion can be credited, when after the death of Christ, wars, persecutions, and fanaticism rather increased than diminished.—Is the supposition (he asks) that by the virtuous life and fervent prayer of a pious son, a departed father's soul might be rescued from everlasting punishment, not by far more probable, than the presumption, that by the shedding of the blood of a single human being, innumerable millions of his race should acquire salvation?"

The tone of this document, at its close, is so interesting that we give the remainder entire:—

"By numerous Christian scholars, amongst them the learned Gesenius, the attempt to prove the divinity of Christ by the prophecies in the Old Testament has long ago been abandoned; and we wish to convince you that all who have acquired implicit faith in God, and the modesty to acknowledge how presumptuous it would be in mortal man to endeavor to explain the manner of his being—"For there shall no man see me, and live"—will never bend their knees, or render divine honors to any other being, but to the invisible, living God alone. It is our firm belief, that, sooner or later, you and all mankind will agree with us, that it is blasphemous and sinful in the extreme to render divine reverence to woman-born mortal.

"Till the advent of that happy epoch, when from world's end to world's end, God shall be one and His name one, we will endeavor to entertain brotherly feelings towards each other, and continue, not in words only, but by deeds of kindness and philanthropy, to perform the works of love to all. And the God of love and mercy will judge and reward all men according to their actions. He, who is capable to penetrate the inmost recesses of the human heart—He alone, sees who in truth and sincerity walks before him! He will not leave unrewarded Israel's faith and firmness, in the hardest trials and strongest temptations.

"No mortal, not even the noblest, is free from faults and errors! Let us, therefore, be indulgent to each other, as is our Father in heaven who to all of us is indulgent and merciful."

Love and a cough cannot be hid.

### The Phantascope.

A new philosophical instrument in the department of optics, has been invented by Prof. Locke, of Cincinnati, called by him *The Phantascope*. It depends on principles of optics, announced by him in Professor Silliman's Journal of last winter, under the head of *Binocular Vision*. It is very simple, and has neither lenses, prisms, nor reflectors. It consists of a flat board base, about nine by eleven inches, with two upright rods, one at each end, a horizontal strip connecting the upper ends of the uprights, and a screen or diaphragm, nearly as large as the base, interposed between the top strip and the tabular base this screen being adjustable to any intermediate height. The top strip has a slit one-fourth of an inch wide, and about three inches long from left to right. The observer places his eyes over this slit, looking downward.—The moveable screen has also a slit of the same length, but about an inch wide. The phenomena produced are the effect of crossing the axes of the eyes. The National Intelligencer, from which the account is derived, says the phantascope will illustrate many important points in optics, and especially the physiological point of "single vision by two eyes." It shows also that we do not see an object in itself, but the mind contemplates an image on the retina, and always associates an object of such a figure, attitude, distance and color, as will produce that image by rectilinear pencils of light. If this image on the retina can be produced without the object, as in the phantascope, then there is a perfect optical illusion, and an object is seen where it is not. Nay, more, the mind does not contemplate a mere luminous image, but that image produces an unknown physiological impression on the brain. It follows that if the nerves can, by disease or by the force of imagination, take on this action, a palpable impression is made without either object or picture. As this would be most likely to occur when actual objects are excluded, as in the night, we have an explanation of the scenery of dreams, and the occasional "apparitions" to waking persons. The murderer, too, has a picture stamped on the sensorium by the sight of his victim, which ever wakes into vibration when actual pictures are excluded by darkness.

### The Central Plain.

The London "Examiner" thus describes the great central plain of Hungary: "The soil of Hungary is the most productive in Europe. The great central plain has been computed to contain one thousand German square miles, or about fourteen millions of English acres. Upwards of nine millions of this are of the richest black garden soil, from five to seven feet in depth. It has been estimated that Hungary can produce sufficient for the support of her inhabitants, without touching upon the great central plain; so that all the produce to be raised in this vast and fertile district is so much surplus, ready to be exchanged for foreign conveniences and luxuries."

Each leaf of a tree has a colony of insects grazing upon it like oxen in a meadow.



### The Late Mr. Rothschild.

By his own report, Nathan Meyer Rothschild came to Manchester because Frankfort was too small for the operations of the brothers, although the immediate cause was some offense to a customer; and it is characteristic of the intrepidity of the man that, with scarcely any hesitation, and with an absolute ignorance of the English language, he came to the country in which he realised such great results. On Tuesday he told his father he would go to England, and on Thursday he started. With £20,000 he commenced his career, and in a short time his capital was trebled. At Manchester he soon saw there were three profits to be made, in the raw material, the dying, and the manufacturing. It need hardly be added that his great mind had stomach for them all, and that, having secured the three, he sold goods cheaper than any one else. This was the foundation of that colossal fortune which afterwards passed into a proverb; and, in 1800, finding Manchester too small for the mind which could grapple with three profits, Rothschild came to London. It was the period when such a man was sure to make progress, as clear and comprehensive in his commercial views, he was also rapid and decisive in working out the ideas which presented themselves. Business was plentiful, the entire Continent formed our customers, and Rothschild reaped a rich reward. From bargain to bargain, from profit to profit, the Hebrew financier went on and prospered. Gifted with a fine perception, he never hesitated in action. Having bought some bills of the Duke of Wellington at a discount, his next operation was to buy the gold which was necessary to pay them, and when he had purchased it, was, as he expected, informed that "Government required it." Government had got it, but doubtless paid for the accommodation. "It was the best business I ever had," he exclaimed triumphantly; and he added, that, when the Government had got it, it was of no service to them until he had undertaken to convey it to Portugal. In 1812 Meyer Anselm, the head of the house, died at Frankfort. A princely inheritance, unbounded credit, and solemn advice never to separate, were left to his four sons. From this period Nathan Meyer Rothschild was regarded as the head, though not the elder of the family, and skillfully did he support and spread the credit of the name. Previous to the advent of Mr. Rothschild foreign loans were somewhat unpopular in England, as the interest was receivable abroad, subject to the rate of exchange, liable to foreign caprice, and payable in foreign coin. He introduced the payment of the dividends in England, and fixed it in sterling money, one great cause of the success of these loans in 1825. Although Mr. Rothschild was commonly termed a merchant, his most important transactions were in connection with the Stock Exchange. It was here that this great decision, his skilful combinations, and his unequalled energy made him remarkable. At a time when the funds were constantly varying, the temptation was too great for a capitalist like Mr. Rothschild to withstand. His operations were soon noticed; and, when the money market was left without an acknowledged head by the death of Sir F. Baring and Abraham Goldsmith—for the af-

fairs of the latter were wound up, and the successors of the former did not aim at the autocracy of the money market—the name of Nathan Meyer Rothschild was in the mouths of all city men as a prodigy of success. Cautiously, however, did the capitalist proceed, until he had made a fortune as great as his future reputation. He revived all the arts of another period. He employed brokers to depress or raise the market for his benefit, and is said in one day to have purchased to the extent of four millions. The name of Rothschild as contractor for an English loan made its first public appearance in 1819. But the twelve millions for which he then became responsible went to a discount. It was said, however, that Mr. Rothschild had relieved himself from all liability before the calamity could reach him. From this year his transactions pervaded the entire globe. The Old and the New World alike bore witness to his skill; and with the profits of a single loan he purchased an estate which cost £150,000.—Minor capitalists, like parasitical plants, clung to him, and were always ready to advance their money in speculations at his bidding.—Nothing seemed too gigantic for his grasp; nothing too minute for his notice. His mind was as capable of calculating a loan for millions as for calculating the lowest possible amount on which a clerk could exist. Like too many great merchants whose profits were counted by thousands, he paid his assistants the smallest amount for which he could procure them. He became the high priest of the temple of Janus, and the coupons raised by the capitalists for a despotic State were more than a match for the cannon of the Revolutionists. From most of the speculations of 1824 and 1825 Mr. Rothschild kept wisely aloof. The Alliance Life and Fire Assurance Company, which owes its origin to this period, was, however, produced under his auspices; and its great success is a proof of his forethought. None of the loans with which he was connected were ever repudiated; and when the crash of that sad period came, the great Hebrew looked coldly and calmly on, and congratulated himself on his caution.—At his counting-house a fair price might be procured for any amount of stock which, at a critical time, would have depressed the public market; and it was no uncommon circumstance for brokers to apply at the office of Mr. Rothschild instead of going in the Stock Exchange. He has, however, occasionally been surpassed in cunning; and on one occasion a great banker lent Rothschild a million and a half on the security of consols, the price of which was then 48. The terms on which the money was lent were simple. If the price reached 74, the banker might claim the stock at 70; but Rothschild felt satisfied that, with so large a sum out of the market, the bargain was tolerably safe. The banker, however, as much a Jew as Rothschild, had a plan of his own. He immediately began selling the Consols received from the latter, together with a similar amount in his own possession. The funds dropped; the Stock Exchange grew alarmed; other circumstances tended to depress it; the fatal price of 74 was reached; and the Christian banker had the satisfaction of outwitting the Hebrew loan-monger. But, if sometimes outwitted himself, there is little doubt he made others pay

for it; and on one occasion, it is reported that his finesse proved too great for the authorities of the Bank of England. Mr. Rothschild was in want of bullion, and went to the Governor to procure on loan a portion of the superfluous store. His wishes were met; the terms were agreed on; the period was named for its return; and the affair finished for the time. The gold was used by the financier; his end was answered, and the day arrived on which he was to return the borrowed metal.—Punctual to the time appointed, Mr. Rothschild entered; and those who remember his personal appearance may imagine the cunning twinkle of his small quick eye as, ushered into the presence of the Governor, he handed the borrowed amount in bank notes. He was reminded of his agreement, and the necessity of bullion was urged. His reply was worthy a commercial Thibetrand. "Very well, gentlemen. Give me the notes. I dare say your cashier will honor them with gold from your vaults, and then I can return your bullion." To such a speech, the only worthy reply was a scornful silence.

### Hired Girls.

Heads of families may contribute much to the welfare and virtue of society without going beyond their own household. The domestics in their employ present a claim to kind consideration which too many overlook. An eastern paper says:

"Young people compelled to go out to service, to hire in other people's families to do housework, are too generally kept at a distance. They are not permitted to sit with the mistress or her children; and what is too often the consequence? We are all social beings, and must have society: if we cannot find good, we are too apt to take up with the bad, and the consequence too often is degradation and ruin. Why not permit your hired girls, when work is over, to sit in the same room with you and your children? There they might learn what is good and useful, and go into the world to make virtuous and useful wives and mothers, and bless you for your kindness and consideration. A little culture and consideration might, and no doubt would, save a world of degradation and misery.—None of us know what may be the future situation of our children. They, too, may at some future day be apprentices and hired domestics, and as we would they should be treated, so should we treat those whom misfortune or necessity has thrown into our employ."

### A Compliment.

Walter Savage Landor, in an article on the Poussin affair, in the London Examiner, says:

"Arrogance is broken into foam when it dashes on the Western shores of the Atlantic. America knows equally her interest and dignity. Averse to war, averse to the politics of Europe, she is greatly more than a match against the united Powers of that continent. At the head of the United States is a brave, a temperate, a sagacious man."

The reason why the name of blubber is given to two-thirds of a whale, is because Jonah cried for three days and nights in the belly of one.



## THE LITERARY UNION.

SYRACUSE:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1849.

A stout heart, a clear conscience, and never despair!

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

F. A. LOOMIS

Has become connected with the LITERARY UNION, with full powers to transact business.

Local Agents.

N. Y. CITY, Dexter & Brother.  
SYRACUSE, W. J. Palmer; office between the west doors of the Syracuse House.

Advertising Agent.

V. B. Palmer; offices in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore.

Back Numbers.

Files of Vol. I. can still be obtained. As an inducement to new subscribers, the volume complete will be furnished such at fifty cents;—just half price. Those who prefer, can obtain it of us, beautifully bound, for \$1.25; or in good plain binding, for \$1.00.

Attention is invited to the very liberal terms to Clubs in our Prospectus.

To Teachers &amp; Trustees.

The Editors of this paper propose to act as gratuitous agents in procuring situations for Teachers and Teachers for situations. They will also furnish plans for school houses to those intending to build.

## THE BOSTON TRAGEDY.

Seldom has the Press been called upon to chronicle an event productive of so strong and varied emotions in the public mind. The mysterious disappearance of an individual enjoying the celebrity, wealth, and social relations of Dr. Parkman, is in itself a circumstance calculated to produce a thrill of excitement, but when testimony appears, to warrant the belief that 'murder, most foul and unnatural' is connected with the mystery, and that the criminal is one who during a score of years has occupied an elevated and enviable position in society,—the mind is at a loss how to reconcile the result with the acknowledged principles of human nature. The fact cannot be questioned, that when the finger of suspicion is once pointed at an elevated object, the blood-hounds of society display a ferocity in running down their game exactly commensurate with the social and conventional dignity of position which that object enjoys. This is only a slight modification of the principle which has found expression in the ancient aphorism—'Slander loves a shining mark,' but we hesitate not in saying it is found equally true in practice. Again, the constitutional love for the Marvelous, a propensity not less strong in our age and country than in any other—finds a more thorough gratification in accrediting and promulgating whatever involves in suspicion the character of any individual enjoying more than an ordinary share of ability and distinction. However unwise it may be to quarrel with human nature, we should always keep a sharp eye upon its weaknesses, lest they work upon a brother, an irreparable wrong.

These reflections are forced upon us by reading the numerous details and newspaper comments, now in circulation in reference to the charge of murder, brought against Professor Webster, of the Medical College at Boston. The published statements of this case were of an *ex parte* character, and betrayed a unity of purpose,—and that purpose was evidently to fasten upon Prof. Webster the odium of the crime—until the whole country resounded with the virtuous execrations which are deserved—indeed—by the guilty, but which are not likely to secure that impartiality, that should

characterize the investigation of the question of guilt. Public opinion, however, has convicted the prisoner in advance of the Judicial Inquiry, and whatever may be the result of that inquiry, he will stand convicted in those unyielding minds, too proud of their own consistency, to revoke, even a premature judgement. This injustice is only partially remedied by the conservatism of our laws, because of the fallibility of their administration:—it is not in human nature to withstand a bias, the extent and tendency of which are inappreciable. This idea contains no implication against the representatives of the Bench and the Jury-box, but it reprobates the obvious effect, of an as obvious human infirmity.

It appears, however, that there are two sides to the question of Prof. Webster's guilt, and that another individual shares a small portion of public suspicion. Barring the circumstances of his indebtedness to Dr. Parkman, and of finding what are supposed by some to be the remains of the missing man in the apartments belonging to the Professor, the janitor of the college is as yet, fully as obnoxious to the charge. And are we sure these circumstances militate alone against the accused?—are we sure the person held to bail in the amount of \$2,000 as witness to fasten the charge upon Prof. Webster, has not an object *beyond* and *transcending* his desire for the reward, in procuring the prisoner's conviction?

## Franklin Institute.

At a meeting of this Association held at the City Hall, on Thursday evening last, for the election of officers, &c., ALFRED COBB was called to the Chair, and S. CORNING JUDD, and J. L. NEWCOMB were Secretaries.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

The report of the Committee on Library Investigations being in order, J. A. Clark from such Committee reported, that the *Library and Cabinet of minerals* of the old *Library and Reading Room Association*, could be obtained on payment of about two hundred dollars incumbrances thereon—that many of the stockholders thereof had already assigned their interest therein to this Association, and that no objection thereto, had been made by any of them, who had been consulted by the Committee upon the subject; and that the '*Academy Library*' could be obtained at any time gratuitously. The report was accepted.

The Committee to obtain members reported the names of two hundred and forty persons soliciting membership.

The Constitution was read, and the *Regular Members' Roll* signed.

Officers of the Institute were then elected as follows:

President—ALFRED COBB.

1st Vice President—CHARLES POPE.

2d Vice President—AMOS WESTCOTT.

Correspond'g Secretary—J. L. NEWCOMB.

Recording Secretary—H. L. DINMORE.

Treasurer—W. W. WILLARD.

## ASSOCIATE DIRECTORS.

Henry Gregory, Henry P. Coon,

John A. Clark, Ralph R. Phelps,

Samuel J. May, Luther Palmer,

George W. Herrick, James Foran,

William Ragg, R. M. Pelton,

Charles F. Williston.

Librarian—EDWARD ROBBINS.

The Report of the Committee on Library Investigations, was referred to the Board of Directors.

On motion of Judge Pratt,

*Resolved*, That the Board of Directors be requested to take measures for the incorporation of the Institute.

Adjourned.

ALFRED COBB, Chairman.

S. CORNING JUDD, } Secretaries.  
J. L. NEWCOMB, }

## Important Action of The Board of Supervisors.

The Board have taken up the subject of a County Prison, and after some discussion *ADOPTED* the report of the Committee recommending important changes in the present mode of discipline of persons confined in the county jail, and also the substitution of a penitentiary on the plan of that at Albany, in the place of a common jail. The report was adopted by the following vote:—

*Ayes*—Messrs. Johnson, Freeman, Upham, Dunlop, Stiles, Fuller, Church, Cossit, Griffin, Adams, Brinkerhoff, Legg, Babcock, Stevens, Raynor, Cheeney, French, Wetherby, and the Chairman, 19.

*Noes*—Messrs. B. Adams, Bishop, Pratt and Clark, 4.

The following Resolutions, offered by Mr. Cossit, were adopted:

*Resolved*, by the Board, That a work-house or Penitentiary be erected in the county, in pursuance of the plan submitted to this board at its present session, by the committee, of which Mr. DUNLAP is Chairman.

*Resolved*, That Mr. CHURCH of Lysander, DUNLAP of De Witt, and T. C. CHEENEY of Syracuse, be appointed commissioners, to superintend the erection of said building; to purchase materials; employ laborers necessary, (including the convicts in the Jail) for the erection of said building; and that said commissioners continue in office for 3 years; have power to appoint the officers to superintend said building when erected; and their salaries to be fixed by the Board of Supervisors.

*Resolved*, That said commissioners and the county Treasurer be empowered to loan a sum of money necessary for the erection of said building not exceeding \$20,000, to be deposited in the County Treasurer's office; to be drawn out by the person or persons erecting said building on the order of the commissioners. Whatever sum may be loaned, as above specified, shall be payable in five equal instalments, by the County of Onondaga, the first instalment to be paid in 1850.

The Board also adopted a resolution appropriating \$250 as a gratuity to the Onondaga Orphan Asylum.

Mr. Winthrop has withdrawn his name as candidate for the Speakership.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

An Anti-Slavery Convention,

For which arrangements are being made, is to be held in this city on Tuesday, the 8th day of January next. It is expected that many of the champions of the Anti-Slavery Party will be present, besides others 'who were members of the *quondam* Liberty Party,' 'who are undeceived by the catastrophe that has befallen them, under the name they received at Buffalo.'

The Great Fair,

For the Benefit of the Orphan Asylum, is announced to take place on Monday the 24th of December, (Christmas Eve), at the City Hall.



## Literary.

## NOTICES.

SELF-DEPENDENCE; or the Trials of Life. Published by William H. Graham, New York.

The design of this work, as indicated in its title, is executed in a manner at once simple and effective, without that pedantry in style and affectation in sentiment, which are so apt to characterise mere works of the imagination.

Edward Mortimer, the hero of the Tale, was convicted upon circumstantial, but apparently unquestionable testimony, of the murder and robbery of one who had previously been his friend, and was sentenced to transportation for life in expiation of his crime. On his way to the colony whither he was transported, the convict ship was taken by a maneuver of his fellow prisoners and a portion of the crew, who consigned our hero, the captain and such of the sailors as remained faithful, to the mercy of the sea in a small, open boat. Fortunately they were picked up and at length succeeded in recapturing their vessel.

Matilda Godfrey, to whom Mortimer was betrothed previous to the commission of the murder, believed not in his guilt and devoted herself to the unfolding of the mystery by which the circumstances were surrounded. She succeeded in obtaining a slight clue to a thread of events, the unraveling of which led her to the continent—thru Germany, and a portion of Italy. Here she encountered a Count Trapani, a gambler and bandit chief. Trapani, with two female companions, was in England at the time of the murder, and had been known to associate intimately with Dormer, the victim. Previous to leaving England, Matilda had suspected the Count of being the real murderer, and several items of information subsequently elicited strengthened the belief. She therefore pursued him closely in all his devious wanderings among the Appenines, securing to her interests, one after another, of his dependents, who were privy to his movements, until she followed him to his wild retreat in one of the most unfrequented and impregnable fastnesses, where, with her own hand she took his life. This result was achieved after many disappointments and casualties, under all of which she was sustained and energized by the thought that she was vindicating a fame dearer to her than her own, and restoring to liberty and to herself, one who was the innocent victim of circumstances. The Count's death placed in her possession documents and trinkets, by which means Government was convinced of Mortimer's innocence, and he was recalled and loaded with the honors merited by his sufferings and won by his gallantry.

This novel is evidently the work of one unused to the field of fiction, who has wrought out his conception in a direct and unaffected manner. The reader is hurried along to the conclusion by the dependence of each incident upon the foregoing, as well as by their intrinsic interest,—and the partiality incited in his mind by the evident justice of the cause in progress of vindication.

JUVENILE TALES AND STORIES. By Mary Howitt. Appleton & Co., New York.

The mechanical execution of this volume is such as does honor to the house from which it emanates. The Tales are not merely for juvenile readers as its title indicates, but such as will interest the young and the old; as would be expected by those acquainted with the authoress. The principal fault we find with the embellishments, is the pre-

sence of the publishers' names, which should be found on the title-page alone.

THE CHILD'S PRESENT; A New Story-Book, to Please the Fancy and Improve the Hearts of Young Children. Edited by Grandfather Merryman.

This is a beautiful little book of 192 pages, full of pretty pictures and delightful juvenile Tales.—No more proper or acceptable holiday present for the young folks, can be found, and we advise those who are desirous of their good opinion, to provide a generous supply of 'Presents.'

Appleton & Co., N. Y.

THE PLOUGH, THE LOOM, AND THE ANVIL; J. S. Skinner, Editor and Publisher, Philadelphia.

We have received the December No. of this industrial Monthly, and an Address delivered by the editor before the Bucks County Agricultural Society.

The periodical presents its usual variety of articles peculiarly adapted to the necessities of the South, besides several of more general interest.—Among the latter, we earnestly recommend to every reader the one entitled 'The Effects of Free Trade.' The sentiments therein expressed, if adopted, would work a wonder to some of our Political Economists. The same policy is more thoroughly enlarged upon in the address;—would that it might find its way into the hands of every workingman.

'The Plough, The Loom, and The Anvil,' contains over 60 pages monthly, at \$3, single subscription, \$2 each when five unite, or \$5 for two subscribers.

THE CULTIVATOR: Published by Luther Tucker, Albany.

The No. before us closes the present volume.—We can do no better justice to this valuable journal than by quoting a portion of its Prospectus.

'The year which is just closing, has brought with it satisfactory evidence of progress in the 'art of arts;' and we may confidently say, that at no former period has the world at large been so thoroughly impressed with the paramount importance of those pursuits, from which the food and clothing of the human race is derived. At no former period has so large an amount of practical, mental talent been devoted to the encouragement of the great interest of agriculture, and to the examination of the principles which form its foundation. The farmers of our own country are awakened; and having discovered the importance of their position in the frame-work of society, they are resolved on possessing the intelligence which shall enable them to discharge their civil and political duties with honor to themselves. In relation, also, to the practice of their vocation, a large proportion of the class have become convinced that 'knowledge is power.' Hence the greatly increased spirit of inquiry. The bugbear of 'book-farming' has lost its terrors; men have the courage to read; by an enlarged course of reading, and a habit of observation, they are enabled to discriminate and apply understandingly and profitably. To extend the means of knowledge, to inculcate correct theory and sound practice, to furnish useful ideas and suggestions, has ever been, and will continue to be the aim of this journal.

'We shall enter on our next volume with increased facilities for carrying out the design of the work, and have made arrangements which we think will impart to our pages additional interest and value. Among the most important of these, we have the satisfaction to announce that Professor

NORTON, of Yale College, will furnish a series of articles on the Science and Practice of Agriculture. Prof. N. is already so well known to our readers, that it is unnecessary for us to commend him for the sound, practical common sense which he brings to bear on this subject.'

Terms, \$1 per annum—7 copies for \$5—15 for \$10, in advance.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 291.

Contents:—'Fontenelle on the Signs of Death; There and Back Again, continued; Growth of the Metropolis; The Laches of the Revolutionists; The Drama of the Criminal Court; Old Bailey Ladies; Canadian Annexation; Dismissal of the French Ministry; The Reception due to Kossuth,' &c.

For sale by Palmer.

The Irish American, speaking of 'The Inedited Works of Lord Byron,' the authenticity of which has been so much doubted in many quarters, says:

'We have looked over the first number of this Series, now being published by Major Geo. Gordon Byron, and were much entertained by the (till now) unpublished Memories of the Great Poet.—The most trifling particulars connected with one of the most wonderful geniuses of any age have, for us, a peculiar interest. In what we have read of his relics we have been much interested, and expect a larger treat as the work proceeds.'

## INTELLIGENCE.

Among the new publications of the season, is an autographical work by George Borrow, called 'Larengro.' He is the author of the 'Bible in Spain.'

George Tichnor's 'History of Spanish Literature,' will shortly be published.

M. Guizot has finished his History of the English Revolution, extending from 1640 to 1688.

Charles Macfarlane's new work on Turkey, will shortly appear.

'The Keepsake,' now 'Heath's Keepsake,' has been issued by Bogue, of Fleet street. This annual was edited by Lady Blessington, for many years.

Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap Book, is edited this season by Charles Mackay.

Mr. Foster has just published a pamphlet on the charges made by Macaulay against the character of William Penn.

Thomas De Quincy, the English Opium Eater, is now in Edinburgh preparing to publish more astounding 'Confessions' than have ever yet appeared.

## Scientific.

We extract from *The Literary World*, a portion of its condensed Report of the Nineteenth MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION:—

'Prof. Powell stated that instances of meteors seen passing between the sun and the observer were recorded. Some of the showers of meteors have been connected with unusually cold days.—Some meteors appear to be suddenly extinguished, as if illuminated by the sun, and then plunging into the dark shadow of the earth. Besides August and November, periods between 22d and 25th of April, from 17th to 26th July, a second November period, 27th to 29th, and from 6th to 12th December, seem established, and to these Mr. Lowe adds one from the 16th to 18th October.

'Meteors were observed on the 10th of August,



the motion of some of which was direct, and others retrograde suggesting the idea that the earth was at the time passing through a mass of these bodies.

'Sir R. H. Inglis communicated a singular appearance noticed by him at Gais, in Switzerland, consisting of thousands of brilliant motes falling through the air like flakes of snow. There were no clouds, but there was a kind of halo round the sun. Balls seemed to separate themselves from the general mass, and come whirling and floating about. No appearance of any insect was seen, none came to the ground. There was no wind. The continuance of the phenomenon was 25 minutes, from the time of the first observation.

'Col. Sabine alluded to observations made by Humboldt as to the ascent of light bodies by means of currents in the atmosphere.

'An occurrence of this kind was observed by M. Boussingault, who saw in the middle of the day, about noon, whitish, shining bodies, rise from the Valley of Caraccas, to the summit of the Silla, where he was, and which is 5755 feet high, and then sink down towards the neighboring seacoast. These bodies proved to be agglomerations of straws. Humboldt saw on the eastern declivity of Chimborazo, at the height of 19,286 feet, winged insects.

'Mr. Blant exhibited a model in plaster of that part of the moon's surface which contains the volcanic crater called Eratosthenes.

'Sir David Brewster exhibited a new stereoscope, in which by looking through the edges of two lenses, at pictures properly prepared, the figure takes the appearance to the eyes of a solid body. A binocular camera was likewise exhibited, for the purpose of obtaining pictures to be afterwards viewed by the stereoscope. This camera is made with two semicircular lenses, formed by dividing a common lens into two parts.

'Spherico-cylindrical lenses were suggested to remedy a defect in some eyes, in which the rays of light converge more in some places than others. The defect is called astigmatism, and was first noticed by Mr. Airy, the present Astronomer Royal.

'A paper on De Vico's Comet was read by Prof. Powell; according to his elements its perihelion passage will take place on February 16th, 1850. If visible at all, it will be seen in November, about two hours behind the sun.

'Mr. Rawson read a paper embracing the results of experiments to determine the friction of water on bodies rolling in it like a vessel. These experiments seemed to indicate that the friction increased with the depth of the water, and that the depth multiplied by the constant .0000469, will give the friction between the water and each point of the rolling body. In connexion with this subject, the same gentleman described experiments on the oscillation of floating bodies, undertaken at the order of the Admiralty, to find the best form of midship section to give the easiest rolling motion.

'On *Mirage* on the Seacoast of Lancashire, by T. Hopkins.—Mr. Hopkins stated that the mirages only appeared when vapor existed in the air, so that the air near the surface of the water and wet sand, was nearly saturated with it. Some of the vapor seemed to be condensed at a small distance above the surface, forming a cloud, while the cooler stratum of the upper air, just above, was comparatively dry. This explanation recalls to mind the magnificent mirages of Lake Superior, described at the American Scientific Meeting by Prof. Jackson, and the existence of a reflecting surface of vapor at the union of the upper and lower portions of the atmosphere over the lake suggested by that observer.'

## Our Exchange Miscellany.

### Curious.

It is said that in the upper part of the city, a few days since, the workmen engaged in digging a foundation, came across some loose bricks, fifteen feet below the level of the surrounding lots: and on proceeding still farther, a vault built of brick, with an arched roof, and containing two apartments, was revealed to view. The vault is built on a rock, each room being about nine feet by eight large, and about eight feet high, of an oval form. The walls are about a foot thick, and deeply coated with cement. The rooms were quite empty when found, and many are the conjectures as to the use to which they were applied. An old house was burned down near this spot, some years ago, which is thought to have stood there about a century; and as there is a hole about two feet square in the roof of the vault, it is supposed to have had some communication with the old house in question, which was once suspected of being the rendezvous of a band of counterfeiters and robbers. It may therefore be quite possible that this vault was their sanctum sanctorum; but as no implement of any kind, to indicate the use to which the vault was put, can be found, nothing can be known beyond conjecture. The discovery has created much interest in the neighborhood.—*N. Y. Organ.*

### "Old Hays."

This venerable and shiny-headed patriarch of policemen and pet of the Common Council Chamber, now in his eightieth year, was on Monday sworn as High Constable for the forty-ninth time. If the Life and Experience of Jacob Hays is ever written, the devourers of Sue and Reynolds may look out for a feast that will put to shame everything upon which they have hitherto regaled. But we trust that we are to hear of nothing of the kind for at least half a century to come.—*Tribune.*

### Thoroughly Beaten.

The subject of Free Schools was discussed a few evenings since, in the Thompson Schoolhouse; and, there being a goodly number of farmers—the 'bone and sinew' of the country—on hand, of course the decision was for the system. True, we had our fears for the result, when we are told that our lawyers were going over to oppose Free Schools, but were rejoiced to learn that the common sense of the yeomen was a match for legal acquirements.—*Cortland Co. Express.*

### Thistle Ball.

The new Assembly Room of Niblo's Garden, will be opened, for the first time, this evening, with a grand ball by the sons and daughters of Scotland and their descendants. The Thistle Ball is one of our most pleasing annual festivals, and the proceeds are always distributed with an impartial and benevolent hand.—*Tribune.*

Syracuse just now is overrun with thieves and robbers. Capt. Van Cleef, of this place, was assaulted by a gang of them a few nights ago but succeeded in escaping without allowing the scoundrels to get possession of his money, which no doubt was the object of their assault.—*Seneca Courier.*

It is stated by the Protestant Churchman, that the Rev. Dr. Forbes, of St. Luke's Church in New York, has sought and found a home in the bosom of the Romish Church.

## News.

Carefully condensed for the Literary Union.

### DOMESTIC.

The House of Representatives is not yet organized, though our advices point to the election of Mr. Winthrop to the Speakership. His vote has reached to 105.

The Steamships *Crescent City* and *Ohio*, have arrived at New York, with about \$1,500,000 in gold dust. The news from the mines continues favorable. The speculation mania is increasing, and the prices of provisions are ranging higher as it is feared the winter supply will be short.

THE CUBA EXPEDITION.—A letter from Washington in the Philadelphia Bulletin, says—'I am assured, from a source which you can depend on, that the notorious Cuba Expedition is to be renewed into life this winter. The plan of the last effort was to rendezvous the entire body of troops on Lopez Island, near Vera Cruz, and thither the people on the vessels seized near New York were destined. The southern branch of the expedition was to land at Round Island, near the Balize, but very soon afterwards repair to Lopez, to drill and prepare, &c. The whole necessary force to take the Island of Cuba was estimated at fifteen hundred. The plan was to have the government troops drawn from the city of Havana to other parts of the Island, by a ruse when the disaffected Creoles, who have been for years subscribing annually pretty large amounts to effect a relief from their despotic rulers, were to rise and consummate their independence.'

A FAST MAN.—The New York Commercial Advertiser says, that a gentleman who resides in Henry street, near Atlantic—a young merchant, of fine education, great genius and immense wealth, has actually in progress an invention, which, when completed, as he solemnly and seriously alleges, will enable him to cross the Atlantic Ocean in less than four days.

A NEW EXPRESS LINE.—The Albany Express announces that a new express line will soon be in operation between Albany and Buffalo. The prime movers in the matter are men of respectability and means, the Express says.

ACOUSTICS.—A gentleman from New York, the Republic says, proposes to connect the President's House and the Capitol, and the several Departments with gutta percha speaking-tubes, laid under ground, and to guaranty that ordinary conversation can be carried on between these remote points with as much facility as if the different parties were in the same room.

THE FREE SCHOOL LAW submitted to the people of the State of New York, at the recent election, has been adopted by the following vote: For Free Schools, 249,872; against Free Schools, 91,951. Majority, 157,921.

NATIONAL WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—The obelisk of this monument is now 48 feet high above the surface of the earth. It is 55 feet square, cased with marble, with walls 15 feet thick, leaving a cavity of 25 feet. Seventeen States and Territories have contributed a block of stone, the production of the State or Territory toward erecting it, according to the original design, which includes a contribution of the kind for each State.—*German-town Telegraph.*

THE INQUEST.—The Court of Inquiry in the Parkman case, will not finish its labors before the close of the present week. Prof. Webster's examination will be delayed probably several



## FOREIGN.

## By the Steamship Europa.

## England.

Cobden has published a letter in the *Cologne Gazette*, to Herr Bach, Austrian Minister of the Interior, remonstrating in the most powerful and energetic language against the sanguinary cruelties inflicted by Austria upon the Hungarians.

## Ireland.

The long expected meeting of the Young Ireland Party has taken place at Dublin. For the more efficient advancement of their purposes, the members of the party have formed a new Association and Rules for its government, the objects of which are expressed in the following resolution:—

*Resolved*, That an association, to be called 'The Irish Alliance,' shall now be formed, to take the most prompt and effective measures for the protection of the lives and interests of the Irish people, and the attainment of their national rights.

On the 1st November there were 750 persons in the gaols of Ireland committed as dangerous lunatics.

The *Limerick Examiner* says, 'There is a lady at present an inmate of the workhouse here, whose husband was High Sheriff of this County a few years back.'

The *Newry Telegraph* has an account of the eviction of fifteen families in Milltown, in the vicinity of Lough Neagh. It is stated that the evicted parties were very poor, utterly unable to pay rent or till the land; and that the estate from which they were ejected is in Chancery.

## France.

The Assembly has been the scene of another violent and disgraceful quarrel, in consequence of the assertion by M. D'Aguesseau, that the Municipal Guards who attempted to defend Louis Philippe in February, were the only combatants deserving of national sympathy. It is said that three or four duels are the probable results of the altercation.

The proposed reduction of the army is objected to by the Prefects on the ground that public peace will be thereby endangered.

An official order is promulgated to inquire into the expediency of establishing public baths and wash houses in all the principal towns in France.

M. Guizot is in Paris and visits every part of the city undisturbedly.

The following appointments have been officially announced:

General De la Hitte, Minister of Foreign Affairs, in the room of M. de Reyneval; M. Darcy, Prefect of the Rhine, to be Under Secretary of State for the Département of the Interior; M. Arsenhansaye, a well-known writer, to be Administrator of the Theater Francaise; M. Clement Reyre, to be Secretary General to the Prefecture of Police; M. Arthur de Gobineau, late Chef de Cabinet to M. de Tocqueville, to be first Secretary of Legation at Berne; M. de Salignee Fenelon, first Secretary at Berne, to be Minister to Hamburg; M. de la Cour, formerly Charge d'Affairs at Vienna, to replace M. de Fontenay at Hullgart; M. Veron, to be Director of the Beaux Arts. M. Baroche has recalled his letter of resignation and is resolved to return to the situation of Procureur General.

## Spain.

Senor Pedal, Minister of Foreign Affairs, has officially announced that orders have been given for the return of the Spanish troops from the Roman States. As soon as the troops return, the Spanish flotilla will be divided into two divisions, one of which will sail to the Antilles and Philippine

Islands, and the other will likely proceed to Morocco.

The celebrated Carlist chief, Borges, has entered Catalonia from France, with about twenty followers, on the side of Agramont and Samabala.

The President of the Council gave a grand dinner, on the 15th ult., to Mr. Barringer, the new Minister of the United States.

## Italy.

We hear from Rome that the Pope was expected there on the 21st inst.

A new loan of nearly one million sterling, had been concluded.

A rumor existed that Cardinal Antonelli had resigned, and would be succeeded by Cardinal Deliagunga.

The large levy of troops going on in Lombardy, is causing great discontent. All who are able to fly are doing so.

Garibaldi had arrived at Gibraltar on board a Sardinian ship of war, placed at his disposal by the Government; 10,000 francs were ordered also to be given him, but these he positively refused to accept.

## Prussia.

It appears the Cabinet of Berlin have concluded to withdraw the forces from Schleswig Holstein: this will be in effect a settlement of the vexed question.

## Turkey.

The rumors of war between Turkey and Russia, were fast dying away at Constantinople.

The English ships of war were anchored within the Dardanelles.

The French Fleet was near Smyrna.

Nothing further has transpired relative to the decision of the Emperor of Russia respecting the Turkish affairs.

The alleged author of the assassination of Count Lomberg, M. Demidoff, has arrived at Constantinople, and is regarded as a secret emissary from St. Petersburg, whose mission is to sow discord between the English and French Ambassadors, and to upset the Cabinet of Reschid Pacha.

Gen. Duhamel has received from Omer Pacha, the order of his Cabinet to withdraw from Wallachia and Moldavia, all troops exceeding the stipulated number of 10,000. The troops which remain are 10,000 Cossacks—the rest have entered upon their march to Laore, where they will join the Russian troops which are returning from Transylvania.

Letters from Widdin of Nov. 4, state that all the Hungarian and Polish refugees had been transported from Widdin to Shumla. The first portion left on the 30th, 400 Poles under ex-Gen. Bem, now Murat Pacha, Massares and Count Vay; the second portion left on the 31st ult., commanded by Gen. Stein, now Fehras Pacha, and Kmely, now Kiamil Pacha. These both included the apostatized. The Magyars left in the third, headed by Kossuth and Balogh.

## Japan.

The following are copies of three documents thrown on board the U. S. ship Preble, while standing in the Bay of Nagasaki. They were secured to a bamboo, by being thrust into a split in the end and thrown on board, bamboo and all. Copies of the same are probably sent on board all foreign ships approaching the harbors of that isolated and exclusive Empire.

*To the Commander of the Vessel approaching this Empire, (Japan) sailing under Dutch or other colors.*

By express order of the Government of Nagasaki, you are requested, as soon as you have arrived near the Northern Carallos, to anchor there at a

safe place, and to remain there until you will have received further advice. Very disagreeable consequences might result in case this order should not be strictly observed.

(Signed,)

J. H. LEVYSSOHN.

*To the Commander of the Vessel approaching this Empire, sailing under Dutch or other colors.*

By express order of the Governor of Nagasaki, you are requested, as soon as you have arrived near the Northern Cavallos, to anchor there at a safe place, and to remain there until you have received further advice. Please to answer as distinctly and as soon as possible, the following questions: What is the name of your vessel? What is her tonnage? What is the number of her crew? Where do you come from? What is the date of your departure? Have you any wrecked Japanese on board? Have you anything to ask for, as water, fire-wood, &c? Are any more vessels in company with you, bound for this Empire?

## WARNING.

*To the respective Commanders, their Officers, and Crews of the Vessels approaching the coast of Japan, or anchoring near the coast or in the bays of that Empire.*

During the time foreign vessels are on the coast of Japan, or near, as well as in the bay of Nagasaki, it is expected and likewise ordered that every one of the ship's company will behave properly toward, and accost civilly the Japanese Government officers, and all the Japanese subjects in general.—No one may leave the vessel or use her boats for cruising or landing on the islands, or on the main coast; and ought to remain on board until further advice from the Japanese Government has been received.

It is likewise forbidden to fire guns, or to use other fire-arms on board the vessels as well as in their boats.

Very disagreeable consequences might result in case the aforesaid should not be strictly observed.

THE GOVERNOR OF NAGASAKI.

## GLEANINGS.

☞ The Swedish Government has just imposed a severe fine for drunkenness.

☞ London includes the city and liberties of Westminster, and nearly thirty of the surrounding villages of Middlesex and Surrey.

☞ A law is now in operation at St. Louis, Mo., by which all produce from other States is taxed \$4.50 on every \$1,000 worth sold.

☞ The miners at Pottsville, Pa., have appointed one of their number to visit Washington, to confer with the Secretary of the Treasury upon an increase of the specific duty on coal to \$1.25 per ton.

☞ Col. James Watson Webb, Charge to Austria, sailed on Saturday in the packet ship Yorkshire. He is accompanied by his newly married wife.

☞ Rev. J. N. Maffit is preaching to crowded houses at Clarksville, Ark.

☞ Lola Montes is the subject of many a paragraph in the Barcelona papers. She goes to the pistol gallery every day, and astonishes the officers of the garrison with the precision of her fire.

☞ Dr. Wieting is delivering a course of lectures at Clinton Hall, New York city.

☞ The project of carrying slaves to California to work in the gold mines, and earn their freedom, as well as to line their masters' pockets, is seriously entertained by some of our slave owners. But it won't do—slavery can't be permitted there for a single day.



**The Phrenological Journal.**

This Journal is a monthly publication, containing thirty-six or more octavo pages, at One Dollar a year, in advance.

To reform and perfect ourselves and our race, is the most exalted of all works. To do this we must understand the human constitution. This, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, and VITAL MAGNETISM embrace, and hence fully expound all the laws of our being, conditions of happiness, and causes of misery; constituting the philosopher's stone of UNIVERSAL TRUTH.

**PHRENOLOGY.**

Each number will contain either the analysis and location of some phrenological faculty, illustrated by an engraving, or an article on their combinations; and also the organization and character of some distinguished personage, accompanied by a likeness, together with frequent articles on Physiognomy and the Temperaments.

The Phrenological Journal is published by  
**FOWLERS AND WELLS,**  
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This weekly newspaper seeks as its end the Peaceful Transformation of human societies from isolated to associated interests—from competitive to co-operative industry—from disunity to unity. Amidst Revolution and Reaction, it advocates Reorganization. It desires to reconcile conflicting classes, and to harmonize man's various tendencies by an orderly arrangement of all relations, in the Family, the Township, the Nation, the World.

**THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE**

will aim to reflect the highest light on all sides communicated in relation to Nature, Man, and the Divine Being—illustrating, according to its power, the laws of Universal Unity.

By summaries of News, domestic and foreign—reports of Reform Movements—sketches of Scientific discoveries and Mechanical inventions—notice of Books and Works of Art—and extracts from the periodical literature of Continental Europe, Great Britain and the United States—THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE will endeavor to present a faithful record of human progress.

This paper is edited by **WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING**, and published weekly, by **FOWLERS AND WELLS**, on a super royal sheet, folded into sixteen pages suitable for binding.

The terms are \$2.00 a year, in advance. All letters should be addressed to **FOWLERS AND WELLS**, Clinton Hall, 129 and 131 Nassau street, New York.

**The Water-Cure Journal.**

THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL AND HERALD OF REFORMS, is published monthly, at ONE DOLLAR a year, in advance, containing thirty-two large octavo pages, illustrated with engravings, exhibiting the Structure and Anatomy of the entire Human Body; with familiar explanations, easily to be understood by all classes.

The Water-Cure Journal, emphatically a JOURNAL OF HEALTH, embracing the true principles of LIFE AND LONGEVITY, has now been before the public several years. And they have expressed their approval of it by giving it a monthly circulation of upwards of Ten Thousand Copies. This Journal is edited by the leading Hydropathic practitioners, aided by numerous able contributors in various parts of our own and other countries.

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WE are now receiving great additions to our stock of Theological, Classical, School, Miscellaneous and Library Books—purchased at the late New York Trade Sales—enabling us to offer greater inducements than ever before to purchasers.  
**WYNKOOP & BROTHER.**  
Oct. 20, 1849.

**Salem Town's School Books,**

Published by

**H. GILLAM & Co.,**

No. 65, GENESSEE STREET, AUBURN, NEW YORK.

Child's FIRST BOOK; Trade price, 12½ cents.  
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FOURTH READER; " 80 "  
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The above works were adopted at the last session of the Onondaga Co. Teachers' Institute, and are already used in nearly one half the schools in the county.

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Syracuse, July 21, 1849.

**To School Teachers,**

AND THE FRIENDS OF EDUCATION, GENERALLY.

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Publish this day, Thursday, July 5th. *The Primer and First Reader* of the NATURAL SERIES OF READING BOOKS, by **OLIVER B. PIERCE.**

"Take Nature's path, and mad opinions leave."—Pope.

Also, an *Essay on Reading, Spelling, &c. &c.*, by the same.

Teachers and school officers in the city, are invited to call and receive copies for examination.

Those residing in any other part of the United States, who will send, post paid, their post-office address, shall receive gratis, through the mail, copies of the above, subject only to postage, which on the *Primer* (bound) is 4 1-2 cents; on the *First Reader*, 6 1-2 cents; the *Essay*, 2 1-2 cents.

The *Second Reader* will be issued in about three weeks, and will be sent on the same terms as the above. Postage about 10 or 12 cents probably.

The following are some of the features of "The Natural Series," when complete. Especial attention is solicited to the plan of teaching the *right pronunciation of words*, (without continual reference to the teacher) as the author believes that life is too short for a person to be required to spend one-half in going astray, and half of the other half in discovering his mistake, and returning to the right road.

I. *The Primer*; alphabetical, with more than seventy cuts. 72 pages.

II. *The First Reader*; with more than fifty cuts. 108 p.

III. *The Second Reader*; with more than fifty cuts—in press.

IV. *The Third Reader*; to be issued in September, 1849.

V. *The Fourth Reader*; to follow the Third Reader very soon.

VI. *The Fifth Reader*; to follow the Fourth Reader very soon.

The *Primer* presents a new and improved method of learning the alphabet. Following the alphabetical exercise are XXXIV, easy lessons in Spelling and Reading.

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The child having been taught by the books to pronounce such words as just indicated, finds, later, to his perplexity and discouragement, that what he has thus acquired is all wrong.—He must now unlearn this, and learn that such words are to be spoken, *loved*, not *lov-ed*; *proved*, not *prov-ed*; *knocked*, not *knock-ed*; *dashd*, not *dash-ed*; *missd*, not *miss-ed*, &c., &c.

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New York, 1849.

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**"PRIMARY ASTRONOMY."**

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Blackwood's do.,	3 " 25 "
Sartain's Union Mag.,	3 " 25 "
Holden's Dollar do.,	1 " 12½ "
Ladies' National do.,	2 " 18 "
Ch'n Ladies' Wreath,	1 " 9 "
" Family Circle,	1 " 9 "
Merry's Museum,	1 " 9 "
N. American Review,	1 " 1.25 quarterly.
Edinburgh do.,	3 " 75 "
Westminster do.,	3 " 75 "
London do.,	3 " 75 "
North British do.,	3 " 75 "

**NEWSPAPERS.**

NEW YORK CITY.—Nation, Tribune, Scientific American, Organ, Spirit of the Times, Home Journal, Police Gazette, Literary World, New York Herald, Sunday Mercury, Ned Buntline's Own, Daily Herald, Tribune and Express.

BOSTON.—Uncle Sam Yankee, Flag of our Union, Museum, Pilot, Yankee Blade, Olive Branch, Star Spangled Banner.

PHILADELPHIA.—Saturday Courier, Neal's Gazette, Dollar Newspaper, Post.

LONDON.—Illustrated Times, News, Punch.

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Syracuse, Sept. 28, 1849.

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Syracuse, June, 1849.

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Selected with great care expressly for City Retail Trade.  
Those who want pure **WINES AND LIQUORS**, expressly  
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Syracuse, June 4, 1849.

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\*Dr. D. C. LINCK has several years past been As. Prof. of Analytical Chemistry in Cambridge University, Mass., and resigns his Chair in that Institution, and comes to Syracuse to settle permanently as the Prof. of Chemistry and Botany in Central Medical College, and is author of a work on Chemistry, and recommended in the warmest manner by Cambridge University, as well as by Dr. Liebig of Germany, his preceptor. Dr. L. is furnished with the necessary apparatus and laboratory, fully prepared to do justice to his important department.

†Dr. W. BEACH, of N. Y., is the distinguished Author of numerous Medical Works of world-wide reputation. He has recently traveled through eight or ten kingdoms in Europe, and visited nearly all the important Medical Institutions to collect information to promote the cause of scientific reform. He has engaged to be here early in the session, with a female anatomical model, made to order in Paris, diagrams, pathological drawings, &c., executed in London, and establish a Dispensary and Clinic for students, where lectures will be given on the diseases of patients present, that the students may enjoy the full benefits of his extensive research. The entire influence of Prof. B. is pledged to this College.

NOTE.—Seventy-six students have already given their names to attend the Lectures, and among the number, Mrs. B. B. Gleason, wife of Dr. Gleason, Physician to the Glen Haven Water Cure Infirmary, with a view to complete her medical education by attending two terms of Lectures, and obtaining the degree of M. D. A second Miss Blackwell. Two other ladies are expected to attend. Syracuse, Sept., 1849.

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Apples.....	38 a 50	Hard Wood cord.....
Dried Apples.....	Soft Do.....	1,75a2,25
Butter, lb.....	15 a 16	Beef on foot.....
Cheese.....	5a6	Pork cwt.....
Lard.....	7a8	" bbl.....
Chickens.....	8	Hams.....
Eggs, doz.....	15	Shoulders.....

WM. C. TRIMLETT, PRINTER.